

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER IV. THE PREPARATION.

WHEN the mail got successfully to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head-drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach-door, as his custom was. He did it with some flourish of ceremony, for a mail journey from London in winter was an achievement to congratulate an adventurous traveller upon.

By that time, there was only one adventurous traveller left to be congratulated; for, the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. The mildewy inside of the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger sort of dog-kennel. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, shaking himself out of it, in chains of straw, a tangle of shaggy wrapper, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

"There will be a packet to Calais to-morrow, drawer?"

"Yes, sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely at about two in the afternoon, sir. Bed, sir?"

"I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom, and a barber."

"And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show Concord! Gentleman's valise and hot water to Concord. Pull off gentleman's boots in Concord. (You will find a fine sea-coal fire, sir.) Fetch barber to Concord. Stir about there, now, for Concord!"

The Concord bed-chamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd interest for the establishment of the Royal George, that although but one kind of man was seen to go into it, all kinds and varieties of men came out of it. Consequently, another drawer, and two porters, and several maids, and the landlady, were all loitering by accident at various points of the road between the Concord and the coffee-room, when a gentleman of sixty, formally dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept, with large square

cuffs and large flaps to the pockets, passed along on his way to his breakfast.

The coffee-room had no other occupant, that forenoon, than the gentleman in brown. His breakfast-table was drawn before the fire, and as he sat, with its light shining on him, waiting for the meal, he sat so still, that he might have been sitting for his portrait.

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence of the brisk fire. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head: which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighbouring beach, or the specks of sail that glistened in the sunlight far at sea. A face, habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that it must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy colour in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But, perhaps the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.

Completing his resemblance to a man who was sitting for his portrait, Mr. Lorry dropped off asleep. The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the drawer, as he moved his chair to it:

"I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please to let me know."

"Yes, sir. Tellson's Bank in London, sir."

"Yes."

"Yes, sir. We have oftentimes the honour to entertain your gentlemen in their travelling backwards and forwards betwixt London and

Paris, sir. A vast deal of travelling, sir, in Tellson and Company's House."

"Yes. We are quite a French house, as well as an English one."

"Yes, sir. Not much in the habit of such travelling yourself, I think, sir?"

"Not of late years. It is fifteen years since we—since I—came last from France."

"Indeed, sir? That was before my time here, sir. Before our people's time here, sir. The George was in other hands at that time, sir."

"I believe so."

"But I would hold a pretty wager, sir, that a House like Tellson and Company was flourishing, a matter of fifty, not to speak of fifteen years ago?"

"You might treble that, and say a hundred and fifty, yet not be far from the truth."

"Indeed, sir!"

Rounding his mouth and both his eyes, as he stepped backward from the table, the waiter shifted his napkin from his right arm to his left, dropped into a comfortable attitude, and stood surveying the guest while he ate and drank, as from an observatory or watch-tower. According to the immemorial usage of waiters in all ages.

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast, he went out for a stroll on the beach. The little narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach and ran its head into the chalk-cliffs, like a tame ostrich. The beach was a desert of heaps of sea and stones tumbling wildly about, and the sea did what it liked, and what it liked was destruction. It thundered at the town, and thundered at the cliffs, and brought the coast down, madly. The air among the houses was of so strong a piscatory flavour that one might have supposed sick fish went up to be dipped in it, as sick people went down to be dipped in the sea. A little fishing was done in the port, and a quantity of strolling about by night, and looking seaward: particularly at those times when the tide made, and was near flood. Small tradesmen, who did no business whatever, sometimes unaccountably realised large fortunes, and it was remarkable that nobody in the neighbourhood could endure a lamplighter.

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapour, Mr. Lorry's thoughts seemed to cloud too. When it was dark, and he sat before the coffee-room fire, awaiting his dinner as he had awaited his breakfast, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging, in the live red coals.

A bottle of good claret after dinner does a digger in the red coals no harm, otherwise than as it has a tendency to throw him out of work. Mr. Lorry had been idle a long time, and had just poured out his last glassful of wine with as complete an appearance of satisfaction as is ever to be found in an elderly gentleman of a fresh complexion who has got to the end of a bottle, when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street, and rumbled into the inn-yard.

He set down his glass untouched. "This is Mam'selle!" said he.

In a very few minutes the waiter came in, to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London, and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson's.

"So soon?"

Miss Manette had taken some refreshment on the road, and required none then, and was extremely anxious to see the gentleman from Tellson's immediately, if it suited his pleasure and convenience.

The gentleman from Tellson's had nothing left for it but to empty his glass with an air of stolid desperation, settle his odd little flaxen wig at the ears, and follow the waiter to Miss Manette's apartment. It was a large, dark room, furnished in a funereal manner with black horsehair, and loaded with heavy dark tables. These had been oiled and oiled, until the two tall candles on the table in the middle of the room were gloomily reflected on every leaf; as if they were buried, in deep graves of black mahogany, and no light to speak of could be expected from them until they were dug out.

The obscurity was so difficult to penetrate that Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, supposed Miss Manette to be, for the moment, in some adjacent room, until, having got past the two tall candles, he saw standing to receive him by the table between them and the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding-cloak, and still holding her straw travelling-hat by its ribbon, in her hand. As his eyes rested on a short, slight-pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, and a forehead with a singular capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was), of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions—as his eyes rested on these things, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him, of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very Channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea ran high. The likeness passed away, say, like a breath along the surface of the gaunt pier-glass behind her, on the frame of which, a hospital procession of negro cupids, several headless and all cripples, were offering black baskets of Dead-Sea fruit to black divinities of the feminine gender—and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

"Pray take a seat, sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice: a little foreign in its accent, but a very little indeed.

"I kiss your hand, miss," said Mr. Lorry, with the manners of an earlier date, as he made his formal bow again, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the Bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some new intelligence—or discovery—"

"The word is not material, miss; either word will do."

"—respecting the small property of my poor father whom I never saw—so long dead—"

Mr. Lorry moved in his chair, and cast a troubled look towards the hospital procession of negro cupids. As if *they* had any help for anybody in their absurd baskets!

"—rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, so good as to be despatched to Paris for the purpose."

"Myself."

"As I was prepared to hear, sir."

She curtsied to him (young ladies made curtsies in those days), with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow.

"I replied to the Bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary, by those who know, and who are so kind as to advise me, that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan and have no friend who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to beg the favour of his waiting for me here."

"I was happy," said Mr. Lorry, "to be entrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it."

"Sir, I thank you indeed. I thank you very gratefully. It was told me by the Bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are."

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes—I—"

After a pause, he added, again settling the crisp flaxen wig at the ears:

"It is very difficult to begin."

He did not begin, but, in his indecision, met her glance. The young forehead lifted itself into that singular expression—but it was pretty and characteristic, besides being singular—and she raised her hand, as if with an involuntary action she caught at, or stayed, some passing shadow.

"Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?"

"Am I not?" Mr. Lorry opened his hands, and extended them outward with an argumentative smile.

Between the eyebrows and just over the little feminine nose, the line of which was as delicate and fine as it was possible to be, the expression deepened itself as she took her seat thoughtfully in the chair by which she had hitherto remained standing. He watched her as she mused, and, the moment she raised her eyes again, went on:

"In your adopted country, I presume, I cannot do better than address you as a young English lady, Miss Manette?"

"If you please, sir."

"Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In

your reception of it, don't heed me any more than if I was a speaking machine—truly, I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers."

"Story!"

He seemed wilfully to mistake the word she had repeated, when he added, in a hurry, "Yes, customers; in the banking business we usually call our connexion our customers. He was a French gentleman; a scientific gentleman; a man of great acquirements—a Doctor."

"Not of Beauvais?"

"Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honour of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French House, and, had been—oh! twenty years."

"At that time—I may ask, at what time, sir?"

"I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married—an English lady—and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way, I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, miss; there is no friendship in them, no particular interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another, in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day; in short, I have no feelings; I am a mere machine. To go on—"

"But this is my father's story, sir; and I begin to think"—the curiously roughened forehead was very intent upon him—"that when I was left an orphan, through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidently advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips. He then conducted the young lady straightway to her chair again, and, holding the chair-back with his left hand, and using his right by turns to rub his chin, pull his wig at the ears, or point what he said, stood looking down into her face while she sat looking up into his.

"Miss Manette, it *was* I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now, in saying I had no feelings, and that all the relations I hold with my fellow-creatures are mere business relations, when you reflect that I have never seen you since. No; you have been the ward of Tellson's House since, and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson's House since. Feelings! I have no time for them, no chance of them. I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle."

After this odd description of his daily routine of employment, Mr. Lorry flattened his flaxen wig upon his head with both hands (which was

most unnecessary, for nothing could be flatter than its shining surface was before), and resumed his former attitude.

"So far, miss (as you have remarked), this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did—Don't be frightened! How you start!"

She did, indeed, start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the supplicatory fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble: "pray control your agitation—a matter of business. As I was saying—"

Her look so discomposed him that he stopped, wandered, and began anew:

"As I was saying; if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had been spirited away; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place, though no art could trace him; if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper, across the water, there; for instance, the privilege of filling up blank forms for the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain;—then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the Doctor of Beauvais."

"I entreat you to tell me more, sir."

"I will. I am going to. You can bear it?"

"I can bear anything but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment."

"You speak collectedly, and you—*are* collected. That's good!" (Though his manner was less satisfied than his words.) "A matter of business. Regard it as a matter of business—business that must be done. Now, if this Doctor's wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born—"

"The little child was a daughter, sir."

"A daughter. A—a—matter of business—don't be distressed. Miss, if the poor lady had suffered so intensely before her little child was born, that she came to the determination of sparing the poor child the inheritance of any part of the agony she had known the pains of, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead—No, don't kneel! In Heaven's name why should you kneel to me!"

"For the truth. O dear, good, compassionate sir, for the truth!"

"A—a matter of business. You confuse me, and how can I transact business if I am confused? Let us be clear-headed. If you could kindly mention now, for instance, what nine times ninepence are, or how many shillings in twenty guineas, it would be so encouraging. I

should be so much more at my ease about your state of mind."

Without directly answering to this appeal, she sat so still when he had very gently raised her, and the hands that had not ceased to clasp his wrists were so much more steady than they had been, that she communicated some reassurance to Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"That's right, that's right. Courage! Business! You have business before you; useful business. Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. And when she died—I believe broken-hearted—having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you, at two years old, to grow to be blooming, beautiful, and happy, without the dark cloud upon you of living in uncertainty whether your father soon wore his heart out in prison, or wasted there through many lingering years."

As he said the words, he looked down, with an admiring pity, on the flowing golden hair; as if he pictured to himself that it might have been already tinged with grey.

"You know that your parents had no great possession, and that what they had was secured to your mother and to you. There has been no new discovery, of money, or of any other property; but—"

He felt his wrist held closer, and he stopped. The expression in the forehead, which had so particularly attracted his notice, and which was now immovable, had deepened into one of pain and horror.

"But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible; though we will hope the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there: I, to identify him, if I can; you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort."

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream,

"I am going to see his Ghost! It will be his Ghost—not him!"

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm. "There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman, and, with a fair sea voyage, and a fair land journey, you will be soon at his dear side."

She repeated in the same tone, sunk to a whisper, "I have been free, I have been happy, yet his Ghost has never haunted me!"

"Only one thing more," said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of enforcing her attention: "he has been found under another name; his own, long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to inquire which; worse than useless to seek to know whether he has been for years overlooked, or always designedly held prisoner. It would be worse than useless now to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. Better

not to mention the subject, anywhere or in any way, and to remove him—for a while at all events—out of France. Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Telson's, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me, not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. My credentials, entries, and memoranda, are all comprehended in the one line, 'Recalled to Life;' which may mean anything. But what is the matter! She doesn't notice a word! Miss Manette!"

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat under his hand, utterly insensible, with her eyes open and fixed upon him, and with that last expression looking as if it were carved or branded into her forehead. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her; therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom, even in his agitation, Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red colour, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashion, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet like a Grenadier wooden measure, and good measure too, or a great Stilton cheese, came running into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from the poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand upon his chest, and sending him flying back against the nearest wall.

("I really think this must be a man!" was Mr. Lorry's breathless reflection, simultaneously with his coming against the wall.)

"Why, look at you all!" bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me? I am not so much to look at, am I? Why don't you go and fetch things? I'll let you know, if you don't bring smelling-salts, cold water, and vinegar, quick, I will!"

There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness: calling her "my precious!" and "my bird!" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in brown!" she said, indignantly turning on Mr. Lorry; "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her, without frightening her to death? Look at her, with her pretty pale face and her cold hands. Do you call *that* being a Banker?"

Mr. Lorry was so exceedingly disconcerted by a question so hard to answer, that he could only look on, at a distance, with much feebler sympathy and humility, while the strong woman, having banished the inn servants under the mysterious penalty of "letting them know" something not mentioned if they stayed there, staring, recovered her charge by a regular series of gradations, and coaxed her to lay her drooping head upon her shoulder.

"I hope she will do well now," said Mr. Lorry.

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My darling pretty!"

"I hope," said Mr. Lorry, after another pause of feeble sympathy and humility, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France?"

"A likely thing, too!" replied the strong woman. "If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island?"

This being another question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

THE GOOD OLD And Whereas.

I AM not an unreasonable man, but I have my prejudices. Good, wholesome, sterling, British prejudices, which I hold in common with all right-minded inhabitants of this tight little island, and won't abate for anybody. Let the gentlemen who write in the newspapers take this fact to heart, and save themselves a world of trouble. What do I want with dinners à la Russe, for example, with all their culinary fripperies? If I dine at home I delight to look at my wife over the top of a hot joint (the bigger the better), while she, dear soul, smiles pleasantly on me through the steam from the pudding. If I honour the theatre with my presence in pursuit of the British Drama (which I can never discover), I don't go there in expectation of being comfortable, but of being melodramatically excited. And, as this has a tendency to create thirst, I like to have my ginger-beer and oranges brought to me in the pit. If anybody's knees are damaged in the process, I can't help that.

When I go to law, or rather when I used to go to law (for the County Courts have robbed the process of one-half its pleasurable excitement), I knew what that meant. Now, I don't. I solemnly declare that I am so perplexed by the innovating tendencies of this degenerate age, that I don't know what the law is coming to.

Take that most magnificent and perfect product of the human intellect, built up by the accumulated wisdom of ages—the law of real property. What is it coming to? The old-established, well appointed legal conveyance is to be taken off the road. Feoffment, grant, release, confirmation, surrender, assignment, defeasance, feoffments to uses, covenants to stand seised to uses, bargain and sale, lease and release, are to haunt the legal mind as relics of a bygone age.

But this is not the end of it. The titles tinkered up into a respectable state of soundness, by the gentlemen of ten years' experience in the trade, are to be registered (as vulgar stoves and coffee-pots are registered, I suppose); the certificate of registration is to officiate as a patent litigation annihilator, guaranteed to effectually quench the professional prying of the most sceptical lawyer for ever.

Nor, indeed, is this the culminating point of the wretched heresy: for landed properties, we are further informed, are to be bought and sold as stocks, and ships, and railway shares are bought and sold. With no more serious invocation of the majesty of the law than is to be discovered in the filling up of printed forms, and with no greater experience of its proverbial and proper delay than the half-hour expended in that miserable process. Have I not reason to say, that I don't know what the law is coming to?

Without further comment, however, let me tell, in my own way, through what careful, well-conceived processes of law Robinson passed, no longer ago than last summer, before he became the happy possessor of his little place in the country:

It was very hot in town, and the soul of citizen Robinson yearned for the country. He was a warm man, his neighbours said; but the City was infinitely warmer, and so his heart went out to where the foliage was reputed to be green, and the sparrows, he had been told, appeared of a natural brown.

What wonder, then, that Robinson, as he perspired in his dingy counting-house, allowed his eye to rest with a cool pleasure upon the announcements which his newspaper conveyed to him, of delightful villas to be sold immediately; of smooth lawns sloping down to flowing rivers and shady avenues of stately trees impervious to the sun, crying aloud for purchasers; of one especially, a desirable freehold residence of indescribable capabilities and unheard-of advantages, of which immediate possession might be had? What wonder that, when Mrs. R., the partner of his bosom, declared that it was "the very thing she had always longed for," and above all the very thing for the dear children, that Robinson should say to himself, "I will be the immediate possessor of this desirable freehold residence and the cool shrubberies, if it can be done?" Messrs. Verbou, Wordy, and Folio were the gentlemen to put him right in that respect; and, to that eminent conveyancing firm he applied forthwith. Of course it could be done.

"And, after the requisite legal formalities have been complied with," said Mr. Wordy, who was the speaking partner, "you can have possession, Mr. Robinson, at once."

It was a long time before these gentlemen met again, and the thermometer hadn't fallen one degree in the interim; but the legal formalities had been in full play.

"I have signed the conditions of sale on your behalf, Mr. Robinson," said Mr. Wordy, when they did meet; "and, in the course of ten days or a fortnight, I expect we shall receive the abstract of title."

"The what?" said Robinson.

"The abstract of title."

"What is an abstract of title?"

"Well," said Mr. Wordy, settling himself down to a tough piece of legal exposition, "an abstract is a history—a concise history, I

may say—of the title. It generally commences some sixty or seventy years back, and brings the matter by gradations up to the present time. Carefully, Mr. Robinson, carefully, and with no undue precipitation. It is very apt, we find, to get hold of a gentleman who flourished at a remote period, and to exhaust him and everybody connected with him, to say nothing of the leading legal incidents of his life, by a strong dose of 'And Whereas,' as, for instance, 'And Whereas he intermarried with somebody'—giving the particulars of that event and a slight sketch of the settlements; 'And Whereas he had issue'—describing them; 'And Whereas he became in some way or another connected with the property under consideration'—very full description of this; and 'And Whereas he died;' and 'And Whereas they (the issue) died, and whereas she (the wife) died.' Then, having effected this satisfactorily, it naturally proceeds to perform the same kind office for somebody else. Sometimes," proceeds Mr. Wordy, "it becomes involved in a Chancery suit, and then it furnishes a short narrative of the facts—as 'And Whereas a bill was filed,' followed by a pretty full summary of the bill. 'And Whereas somebody died, and a supplemental bill was filed'—summary as before; 'And Whereas an order was made'—order given generously; 'And Whereas somebody else was found to be a necessary party to the suit'—explanation of the circumstances; 'And Whereas another order was made'—substance stated; 'And Whereas a baby was born, and immediately appeared by its next friend'—full description of baby; 'And Whereas it was discovered that everybody wasn't before the court'—lavish explanation of this discovery; 'And Whereas a receiver was appointed'—and 'And Whereas a decree was made'—decree stated in extenso. Occasionally," continued Mr. Wordy, "the legal estate becomes detached from the equitable, and this, I confess, creates a difficulty. I have myself, at present, a case of this description in hand, where the legal estate is prospecting either in California or British Columbia; but, as we don't exactly know which, we shall be compelled to obtain the assistance of the court before dealing with the property.

"To return to the abstract. It is one of the most notable characteristics of this instrument, Mr. Robinson, that it never allows you to forget what has gone before, no matter what its length may be. Everything that is stated in the first deed, is carefully recapitulated in the second. Everything that is stated in the first and second deeds, is carefully recapitulated in the third, and so on: each recapitulation artfully concluding with the introduction of a few new characters and incidents, until—as in the immortal history of the messuage or mansion-house erected by one Jack—we arrive at the priest all shaven and shorn, when, as a matter of course, we have the dog, and the cat, and the rat, and the cow, and every circumstance in due order up to the matrimonial dénouement of that narrative. Then the abstract is complete."

"Exactly," said Robinson, with extraordinary alacrity, "I perceive it. Complete."

"It may be, however," proceeded Mr. Wordy, who had strong affection for the subject, "that a pedigree is necessary, to show the connexion existing between the different characters introduced. If so, this must be verified by certificates and registers. The law, Mr. Robinson, very properly, will not allow anybody to have been born, or anybody to have been married, or anybody to have died, without legal proof."

If Mr. Robinson did not glean a sufficiently clear idea of an abstract from his solicitor's explanation, he obtained a very vivid impression of its bulk, as it lay upon that gentleman's office table on his next visit there. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* as it might appear in manuscript, was the nearest comparison he could discover for it.

Still he did not come into possession of the desirable freehold residence and its cool shrubberies. On the contrary, the requisite legal formalities expanded into a dreary Sahara, which seemed lengthening as he went. It would be necessary, his legal adviser informed him, to submit the abstract to counsel, who would draw up the necessary requisitions of title. These being transmitted to the solicitors of the vendors, would be answered by them. Probably the replies might prove satisfactory: possibly not. In the latter case, a few statutory declarations would remedy any defects, and, as the oldest inhabitant was always ready to swear anything for a consideration, there need be no great difficulty in the matter. "Finally," said Mr. Wordy, "we shall examine the abstract carefully with the deeds, and then, if we find all correct, we shall get things in train for proceeding with the conveyance; after the execution of which there will be no impediment, Mr. Robinson, to your taking possession of your charming residence at once."

"And that will be," said Robinson, with a miserable consciousness of having spoken to Mrs. R. about getting into possession next week—"that will be!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Wordy, "this is—let me see—June, then I should say about the latter end of October, Mr. Robinson, we may hope to be in a position to complete."

LIFE IN ROUND NUMBERS.

As a science, human longevity, till quite of late, has been the degraded bondsman of quacks and empirics. Modern philosophy, represented by M. Flourens, Perpetual Secretary to the Institut of France, takes a much more elevated as well as comprehensive view of the question. A theory of life was wanted; for, though preceding ages have studied life, our own age was the first to consider it under its grand and general aspects. The questions of *The Quantity of Life on the Globe*, always diversely represented, and yet

equally maintained; of *The First Appearance of Life on the Globe*; of *The Fixity or the Variability of Species*; of *Destroyed and Lost Species*; are questions completely new to the scientific world. In the remarkable book* which M. Flourens has published, he claims to have regenerated the subject of Human Longevity, by giving a sure sign of the limit of increase or growth, and, consequently, an exact measure of the duration of life. For the study of the Formation or Origin of Life, he has substituted the study of the Continuity of Life. He holds that life does not commence with every new individual, but that it has commenced with each new species, and once only. Reckoning from the first created pair of each, life does not recommence; it is simply continued. The mystery of the origin of life is thus thrown as far back as possible; at the same time, its place is marked out.

In confirmation of this latter idea, our reader may perhaps have remarked in himself that one of the hardest things to realise mentally is the notion that there once was a time when he, the individual now existing, was not in existence; the nearest we can come to it, is a sort of sleep out of which we have awakened. With animals and utterly ignorant and unreflecting persons, such a thought never seems to have entered their head. They graze, or toil, or ruminate, or doze, in regular alternation; and that suffices. They inquire no further. It is doubtful whether animals have any conception of old age or death. When in health, they enjoy a placid consciousness of existence, which might be eternal, as far as their knowledge is concerned; for they foresee no end and remember no beginning. Educated persons, although their reason tells them that they were born into the world at a certain date, can hardly conceive and acknowledge themselves to have been absolute nullities previously. Without raising the question of the pre-existence of the soul, they have heard and read so much about events that occurred prior to their birth, that they come almost to regard them as a portion of their own personal history. What is our life, in fact, but the sequel of the life of our grandfather and our great-grandfather? Certainly, we may not have been present, as actual eye-witnesses, at the first French revolution, at the flight and abdication of James the Second, at the execution of Charles the First, at the burnings of heretics by bloody Queen Mary, or at the landing of William the Conqueror; but our minds are really affected by those historical facts in the same way as by events occurring at some distant place a little while ago, of which we hear as a matter of course, and which are brought to our knowledge by the post and the newspapers. As far as our own individual memory is concerned, there is so little difference between the

* *De la Longévité Humaine et de la Quantité de Vie sur le Globe. Troisième édition, revue et augmentée. Paris.*

impression made by the things which took place six months before and six months after our birth, that we forget the grand chronological distinction between the two. Thus we trace and follow back ancient history in our thoughts, almost as if it formed a portion of our own memoirs. We rarely call to mind that we were absolute nonentities, perfect instances of annihilation—if that can be annihilated which has never existed—that we were buried in the depths of nothingness, at the time when Julius Cæsar fought the naked Picts, when the founders of Rome seized their Sabine brides, when Noah descended from the ark, when Adam was driven from his beloved Paradise. Nay, further; when we rise from the perusal of astronomical or geological works, imagination easily carries us back to a still higher antiquity. Because we are living now and dwelling on the earth, we have an instinctive feeling that our own personal history is not utterly disconnected with, that there is no wide impassable abyss separating our biography from, the pre-Adamic days when monstrous reptiles floundered in seas of mud, from the ages when our planet emerged out of chaotic confusion into orderly regularity, or even from that primeval morn when stars and suns obeyed the fiat, "Let there be light!" Short-lived as man may be in bodily organisation, his intellectual range may be made to comprise the whole duration of past time.

And yet man's earthly life might be considerably less brief than it is, if he would only consent to the self-denial needful to make it longer, by joining M. Flourens's proselytes, who, it is said, have got up a Société de Longue Vie, or Long-lived Club, on somewhat more rational principles than those of Cardan. His theory (Cardan's) was, that trees live longer than animals for no other reason than that they take no exercise. Exercise increases perspiration, and perspiration shortens life; it follows that, to live long, you must never budge an inch. It is a justification of the economical traveller, who, when urged to walk a little faster, pleaded that he could not afford to sweat. We ought not to visit Cardan's fancy with extreme severity; but it is not so easy to excuse Lord Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy, for advocating the same idea, and prescribing oily unguents for the purpose of hindering perspiration. Maupertuis wanted other people—not himself—to cover their bodies with a coat of pitch, mummyfying themselves during their lifetime. Voltaire had the audacity to turn Maupertuis into ridicule.

The truth is, that unless the wear and tear of life is extraordinarily severe and unremitting, men rust up faster than they wear up. In this consists the horrible punishment of solitary confinement, with nothing to do. The mind, searching in vain for something to act upon, corrodes itself. It is the practical application of the metaphor of eating one's own heart. Still, there are animal men, of a sleepy, inert disposition, who are content just to open their eyelids, the window-shutters of their soul, and

to allow the image of the opposite side of the street, and of any passing stranger, to stream in, as if their eyes and their brain were gifted with no more animation than the lens and the paper of a camera obscura. Nevertheless, in the long run, they are often made to pay dearly for their unhuman sloth and unimpressionability. As they imitate the life, so they follow the fate, and they share the destiny, of the stalled ox and the fatted pig. Their animal organism does its duty; but their intellectual organism not doing *its*, the involuntary system of the mammal creature, *Homo sapiens*, gets the mastery of the voluntary; blood and fat triumph over nerve and brain, and the domestic biped is felled by apoplexy, inflammation, or dropsy, as surely as if he had been led to the butchery; with the difference that a domestic quadruped is useful after its death, whereas he, the do-nothing and think-nothing, is, when slaughtered, only an encumbrance and a nuisance, causing considerable trouble and expense to get rid of.

M. Flourens's model of longevity, his show old man, is Luigi Cornaro, a famous centenarian who died in fifteen hundred and sixty-six, and whose book, composed of four successive discourses, is a continued eulogy of sobriety. Born with a feeble constitution, and living in the most gluttonous times of Italy (excepting always the Roman emperors), his health broke down under the fashionable excesses of the day. When he had reached the age of thirty-five, his medical men told him he had only a couple more years to live. This serious warning was seriously attended to. Cornaro discarded his evil habits; regularity took the place of dissipation, and frugality of temperance. His abstinence, which has become celebrated, was almost carried to excess. Twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of (not port) wine, was all his daily sustenance for more than half a century. This regimen answered so well that, during the whole of that time, he was never ill but once, and that was when his friends persuaded him to increase his allowance to fourteen ounces of food and sixteen ounces of wine. A week's indulgence in the more liberal diet brought on, first, ill-humour, melancholy, and angry tempers, ending on the twelfth day in a furious colic, which lasted four-and-twenty hours and nearly cost him his life.

Cornaro's book offers an example of the way in which the duration of life may be influenced by sensible management. He was a confirmation of the proverb that, at forty (or before), every man is either a fool or a physician. He imposed on himself this rigid temperance only because he found that it suited his constitution. He did not insist upon other people's following exactly the same rule; he had too much good sense for that. "I eat very little," he says, "because my stomach is delicate; and I abstain from certain dishes, because they do not agree with me. Individuals with whom they do agree are not obliged to deprive themselves of them; to partake of such is quite allowable. But they *should* abstain from eating too much even of what does agree with their stomachs."

Ramazzini, the most competent of Cornaro's commentators, very judiciously observes, "It would be a needless severity to prescribe similar rules to persons in the enjoyment of perfect health; indeed, such a regimen would be anything but generally beneficial. It may be all very well to impose an excessively spare diet upon elderly men, after they have spent the best part of their lives in the service of the republic; but it is not wise to include young people in these observations. How could they serve their prince and their country, either in the army or in embassies, where they would have to bear the fatigue of travel? How could a doctor visit his patients every day? How could an advocate do his duty to his clients? If any one," continues Ramazzini, "were to ask me what ailments he ought to take, in what quantity, and at what times, in order to keep himself in health, I should refer him to his own stomach, which is doubtless the most likely counsellor to give him good advice upon such a subject."

Although Cornaro placed temperance before every other sanitary precaution, he did not neglect any one of the rest. "I contrive," he says, "to preserve myself from great cold and from great heats; I never take violent exercise; I abstain from sitting up late and from night-watches; I have never dwelt in places where the air is unwholesome; and I have always been equally careful to avoid exposure to high winds and to burning sunshine."

Moral health is a great promoter of physical welfare. Cornaro selected, to keep his spiritual faculties in tune, the two most delightful exercises of the mind and the heart; namely, the culture of letters, and beneficence. "I have the happiness," he says, "of frequently conversing with learned persons, from whom I obtain fresh information; I gratify my curiosity with new publications, and I take pleasure in reperusing those which I have already dipped into. If I may be allowed to mention trifles, I will state that, at the age of eighty-three, the sober life I lead has maintained my good spirits and clear-headedness sufficiently to enable me to compose a comedy which, without the slightest offence to good morals, is at the same time very diverting."

Such were his intellectual pleasures; his heart enjoyed others of a still more refined nature. He had about him eleven grandchildren, in whose sports he took an interest; and he lived in constant intercourse with his tenants, whom he had provided with a livelihood by giving them waste lands and marshes to drain and bring into cultivation. He had also borne his part in the embellishment and fortification of Venice. "This pleasure," he says, "innocently flatters my vanity when I call to mind that I have furnished my countrymen with the means of fortifying their port; that these works will endure for a great number of centuries; that they will contribute to render Venice a famous republic, a rich and incomparable city, and will serve to perpetuate her noble title of Queen of the Sea."

Finally, in addition to these aids to longevity, namely, temperance, precautions against heat and

cold, mental occupation, and gratified affections, there was another which acted unknown to Cornaro, and which was not on that account the less efficacious. This stimulus was the secret pleasure of wrestling with nature, and gaining the victory—of living on, in spite of a weakly constitution and the doctors' discouraging predictions—of owing continued life to himself alone, to his own will and his own prudence—and of reckoning every additional day of existence as an additional triumph for his own proper self-complacency.

Consequently, he is never tired of boasting of "his beautiful life," and "the victory he has gained;" he regards with delighted admiration the circumstance of his own advanced and still advancing age. He exclaims, "What I am about to state will appear impossible, or at least difficult, to believe; nevertheless, nothing is more true; it is a fact well known to many people, and worthy of the admiration of posterity. I have attained my ninety-fifth year, and I find myself in good health and spirits, and as merry as if I were only five-and-twenty. Nothing," he remarks, "is more advantageous for a man than to live a long while," a maxim which few will dispute, although his reasons are curious: "If you are a cardinal, you will have a better chance of becoming pope; if you have consideration in the State, you may possibly become its chief; if you are learned or excel in any art, you will advance to still higher excellence." But he also cites motives of a more disinterested character: "What gives me the greatest pleasure is to observe that age and experience are able to make a man more learned than the schools can do. It is impossible to fix the value of ten years of a healthy life at an age when a man is enjoying the plenitude of his reasoning faculties at the same time that he profits by his past experience. To speak only of the sciences, it is certain that the best books we have were composed during those ten years which are at once the terror and the scorn of debauchees; it is certain that the mind is perfected as the body ages. The arts and sciences would have suffered greatly if the lives of all the able men who have cultivated them had been abridged by those ten years."

It is not easy to deny Cornaro's proposition, that the mental faculties are perfected as the body advances in age. Every age has its own peculiar intellectual strength. There are certain discoveries which may be made by a young man; there are others which can be made only by men who are ripe in years. Galileo discovered at eighteen or twenty the equal duration of the oscillations of the pendulum. Happening to be one day in the cathedral of Pisa, he remarked the regulated and periodical motion of a lamp suspended from the roof of the knave. He noticed the equal duration of its oscillations, and confirmed the fact by repeated experiments. He at once comprehended that this phenomenon might be employed to serve as an exact measure of time. The idea never escaped his memory, and he made use of it, fifty years afterwards, for

the construction of a clock intended for astronomical observations. Pecquet, while he was still a student, discovered the reservoir which bears his name, the reservoir of the Chyle. Harvey was fifty when he published the most remarkable work on modern physiology, his book on the Circulation of the Blood. Buffon was seventy-one when he wrote the most perfect of his works, the Epochs of Nature. It is easy to conceive that a young man may discover an unforeseen and brilliant fact; all that is required for such spontaneous efforts is a prompt penetration, a sudden inspiration, which are the natural property of youth. But to discover, for instance, the circulation of the blood, which is the complicated result of a multitude of diverse facts, there must be a capacity of thought and attention, a power of combination, which belong only to mature age.

Of Cornaro's Discorsi della Vita Sobria, the first was written at eighty-three, the second at eighty-six, the third at ninety-one, the fourth at ninety-five. The whole four are little more than the repetition of one another; but this repetition is not wearisome, for, as the object is to prove that the duration of life depends on sobriety, the longer the book goes on repeating itself the more it proves. The author himself gracefully says, "It is true that I have nothing new to tell you on this subject, but I have never told it you at ninety-one." In fact, to be able to say, at ninety-one years of age, "I will inform you, then, that a few days ago several doctors of your university (Padua), both of medicine and philosophy, came to learn from my own mouth the system of diet which I have adopted, and that they were very much astonished to see me still full of vigour and health; that all my senses are perfect; that my memory, my heart, my judgment, the sound of my voice, and my teeth, have not altered since my youth; that I write with my own hand seven or eight hours a day; and that I spend the rest of my time in taking walks, and in enjoying all the pleasures which are permitted to a respectable man, even including music, in which I take my part very creditably. Ah, how you would admire my voice, if you were to hear me sing the praises of God to the accompaniment of my lyre!"

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

To be able to say this at ninety-one proves more than saying it at eighty-six, or at eighty-three; and repeating it at ninety-five proves still more. But Cornaro might have made the same boast at a hundred. One of his grandnieces, a nun at Padua, tells us, in a Notice which she dedicated to her uncle's memory, that he remained healthy and even vigorous up to a hundred. His mind was not enfeebled; he

never had occasion for spectacles, and he did not become deaf. And, what is not less true than it is hard to believe, his voice remained so strong and melodious that, towards the close of his days, he sang quite as agreeably as he had done at twenty.

The important question which his book raises is that of the duration of human life. Are there any means of prolonging that duration? If, by prolonging it, is meant the making it extend as far as is compatible with man's constitution, we may reply affirmatively, that there are means, very certain in their effect, and which are no other than those which Cornaro practised—sobriety, life in accordance with reason, good conduct. But as to prolonging it so as to make it extend beyond the limit marked by the constitution of man, we may believe that we should be seeking an impossibility. For every species of animal there is a fixed and determinate length of life. This length of life may, in some degree, be measured by that of the time of growth. An animal which requires but little time to attain its full stature dies at a much earlier age than another which requires a longer period to grow in. According to Buffon, man, when he is not killed by disease or accident, lives eighty or a hundred years. Cornaro held the same opinion respecting the length of human life, although for less learned reasons. "When a man," he says, "has come to forty or fifty years, he ought to know that he has lived the half of his life. I feel the certitude of living more than a hundred years." He believed that people born with "a good complexion" ought to go as far as six times twenty years; and it is only because he was not so well constituted as others that he consented to reduce his hopes of life to "scarcely more than a century."

According to M. Flourens, the life of man is divided into two nearly equal portions—the period of increase and the period of decrease. Each portion is again subdivided into two others, which give us, thus, four ages: infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. Lastly, each of these is also divided into two ages. There is a first and second infancy, a first and second youth, a first and second manhood, a first and last old age. There are, therefore, altogether, eight, instead of seven, ages, or acts, of man, during which, in his time, he plays many parts.

The first age, from birth till ten years old, before which time the second dentition is not complete, is the infancy proper; the second infancy, from ten to twenty, when the development of the bones and the consequent increase of the body in length is completed, is the adolescence. The first youth lasts from twenty to thirty; the second, from thirty to forty, because the increase of the body in size and stoutness continues till about that age. The first manhood, or epoch of strength, or virile period in the life of man, is comprised between forty and fifty-five; the second, from fifty-five to seventy. After the growth, or, more accurately, the development in length, after the development in thickness, M. Flourens points

out a third, which, although not noticed by physiologists, is not the less real. This development consists of the deep and internal change which is worked in the very innermost tissue of our organs, and which, by rendering all these parts more finished and firm, also renders their functions more certain and the entire organism more complete. This last process of nature, which he calls the work of invigoration, goes on, more or less, as far as sixty-five or seventy. At seventy begins the first old age, which reaches up to eighty-five. In youth the individual is possessed of a reserve fund of strength; it is the gradual diminution of this disposable fund which constitutes the physiological character of old age. So long as an old man only employs his ordinary strength for ordinary purposes, he is not aware that he has lost anything; but the instant that he oversteps the boundary of his usual acting forces, he feels fatigued, exhausted; he finds that he has no longer the hidden resources, the reserved and superabundant energies of youth.

At eighty-five begins the second and last old age, with something like two centuries for its extreme limit. The majority of mankind die of disease or accident; very few die of old age properly so called. Man has adopted an artificial kind of life, in which his mind is more frequently indisposed than his body, and in which his corporeal frame is more frequently out of sorts than it would be were it regulated by habits more calm, more constantly and more judiciously laborious. Haller believes that man ought to be classed amongst the longest-lived animals, and that our complaints about the shortness of life are very unjust, when it may attain to nearly two hundred years. He collected a great many examples of long life, and records six instances of people's dying at a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty years of age. His extreme examples are one of a hundred and fifty-two, and another of a hundred and sixty-nine. The first of these cannot be called in doubt, being supported by the testimony of the illustrious Harvey. Thomas Parr, of the county of Shropshire, on the borders of Wales, having become famous on account of his great age, Charles the First desired to see him. He was brought to court with kind intentions, but with an unkind result; they gave the old man too much to eat. He died of indigestion. Harvey dissected him. All his viscera were in perfect health; the cartilages of his ribs were not ossified. He might have lived for several years longer. He met with an accidental death.

The difficulty of marking the transition from one of these ages to the next, consists in there being no resting point or halting place between one age and another. Life is an insensible but continual progress. You watch a plant and cannot see it grow; but if you leave it till next day, you will see that it has grown. Life is a river which always streams in one direction without the slightest reflux. Our years flow on, as wave follows wave. You cannot cast anchor in the river of life. To float on its surface as long as

possible but few and simple rules need be observed. First, you must make up your mind to old age, and take it as it comes, sensibly, patiently, and gracefully. Secondly, you must thoroughly know yourself; you ought to have nothing to learn respecting your own bodily and mental peculiarities. Both these precepts are philosophical quite as much as medical, and are not the less valuable on that account. Thirdly, take care to acquire a prudent set of daily habits. Health, in fact, is nothing else than a combination of good physical habits, just as happiness is a combination of good moral habits. Old men who do the same things every day, with the same moderation, and the same zest, appetite, and pleasure, live for ever. "The grand miracle, to me," said Voltaire, "is that I exist." And if foolish vanity, which never grows old, had not driven him to Paris at eighty-four, his "miracle," might have lasted a century, as Fontenelle's had done. Fourthly, attack every complaint the moment that it declares itself. In youth, life is, as it were, lined and strengthened with a double coat of vitality; in old age the web is single, threadbare in places, and liable to be rent by the first rough contact. Therefore must we watch to ward off the threatened blow. With these four theoretical rules, and the practical counsel to be deduced from them touching diet, exercise, temperature, and the rest of it, how long may a man expect to live? He will not live for more than his life, but he will live for the whole of his life; that is to say, he will enjoy the whole of the term allowed by his own particular constitution as an individual, in combination with the general laws of the constitution of the species.

OCCASIONAL REGISTER.

WANTED

A MEANS of gently withdrawing Lord Lyndhurst's attention from the merits of a Grand Jury in theory, to the defects of a Grand Jury in practice. Also, an expression of thanks to Lord Overstone for having strikingly exemplified the uselessness of the system which Grand Jurors are now compelled to administer, by quoting his own former experience of it—when he and his fellow-jurors were obliged, at a single session, to pledge their oaths to the truth of more than four hundred indictments, without having had an opportunity of previously examining them.

BY THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN who took upon himself to write to *The Times*, proclaiming (quite erroneously) a certain living person to be the author of a certain anonymous work of genius, Any Excuse, be it ever so small, for that impertinence.

A SMART DRAMATIC AUTHOR, to whom constant employment is offered. His duty will be to watch the publication of serial stories, and, when they have reached the

third number to convert them into comedies, melodramas, or farces, finishing the plots according to his own (want of) taste and fancy.

A NEW, STRONG, and RIGOROUS ACT OF PARLIAMENT to prevent the dangerous overloading of railway carriers' vans, and the reckless pace and insolence of their drivers.

A LOUDLY EXPRESSED public opinion, to clear away the Metropolitan Board of Works with its whole crew of jobbers and idlers. If the above opinion is not produced, the London ratepayers will be sold, and will have to pay heavy charges.

FOUND
SOMETHING MUCH TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE—a new Opera by Rossini.

THE DIGNITY of the Lord Mayor of London. This jewel, after being mislaid for many years and supposed lost, has been discovered, in the brightest condition, in a setting of Golden Wire. The article may be seen, any morning, at the Mansion House. It is not permitted to be handled, but must be contemplated through the microscope.

IN THE PUBLISHING and Book Trade, lately, several Tracts and Pamphlets, in the titles of which, the most sacred names and subjects are treated with a horrible familiarity, and are indecently set forth as if in play-bills. It is earnestly hoped that they will NOT BE SOLD to pay the expenses.

MISSING
SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH of National Ground. Supposed to have been taken from the public proprietor, by a private Royal Academy.

THE SLIGHTEST APPROACH to sufficient accommodation for the houseless and starving poor in the parish of Bermondsey, London; which, possessing a population of fifty-one thousand, now offers nightly refuge to exactly two dozen casual paupers.

THE NATIONAL WELCOME due to Sir John Lawrence, on his arrival in this country. Also, such a national reward to this first and foremost of public servants as may imply, at the least, some becoming sense of obligation on the part of England towards the man who saved India.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT, from the Bible of a Right Reverend Prelate. The loss was discovered on or about the 30th of March and 4th of April, when reference to the Divine Homily was much needed, in a correspondence with a dissenting father, relative to the burial of his little child in his own family grave. As the possession of these leaves of the

New Testament, by their bereaved owner, is of importance to society, restoration is earnestly solicited. Please to communicate with Samuel, at the Soap Warehouse, St. James's Court.

TRADE SONGS. STREET SWEEPER.

At a crossing of the Strand,
With a besom in my hand,
I beg.

In winter and in summer,
Whosoever is the comer,
I beg.

If a lady full of grace,
Why I bless her pretty face,
And beg.

If I spy an ancient buffer,
Then my words are rather rougher,
Yet I beg.

If a man is grim, I sigh
And cast a rueful eye,
And beg;
And I mutter of a "payment,"
And talk of "food" and "raiment,"
As I beg.

I've a cut across my brow,
And a blow (which I show)
On my leg.
My coat is all in tatters,
And my hat—is at the hatter's,
On a peg.

You grieve that I must sweep,
Yet I only whine and weep
While I beg.
I creep about the women,
And they see my eyes are brimming,
As I beg.

My wife she is a smasher,
And she groweth rash and rasher,
Does Meg;
So, in order to conceal it
(And her folly, for I feel it),
I beg.

But the town is growing weary
Of me and of my deary;
Yet I beg.
Should it fail us in its bounty,
We must throw us on the county,
I and Meg.

POLICEMAN.

How goes the night?
The stars are sleeping in their misty bed:
The moon is young and will not show her head.
I hear a hurried step, in chase or flight.
Who goes?—All's right!

How goes the night?
The rains are falling fast in drowning showers:
The clocks are sounding slow the crawling hours:
Beneath the arch a lantern glimmers bright.
Who goes?—All's right!

How goes the night?
The burglar skulks within his cellar deep,
The weary footpads hide their heads in sleep.
Who drags this staggering drunkard into sight?
Who goes?—All's right!

Swift runs the night!
 The morning breaks along the eastern sky:
 I hear the heavy tread of comrades nigh,
 A file of hearty fellows, punctual quite.
 Who goes?—All's right!
 Good night!

ANOTHER PIECE OF CHINA.

THERE is no "cool of the evening" in the Chinese summer. Every rock, and roof, and pavement continues to give out its absorbed caloric long after sundown; and when, restless with the heat and mosquitoes, I turned out in the middle of the night to gasp upon the balcony which overlooked Macao harbour, the tiles struck so hot to my naked feet that I was glad to return to my room and its muslin oven. I do not think that the tanka girls, either, had any very defined notion of going to bed. I saw glimmering lights moving about their boats all night, and occasionally they sang hymns, in a monotonous, moaning scream, to the joss, accompanying themselves on a gong struck with a split cane. When day broke, they hauled their boats up high and dry, taking everything out to be washed; and from the different lockers they produced clothes, cooking utensils, scraps of food, babies, and joss pigeon generally, to an extent which made me look upon all conjurors who bring feather-beds, cups, flags, and bouquets from their hats, as mean and contemptible pretenders. And when everything, including the babies, had been well scrubbed, and cleaned, and dried, with Holland-like industry, each article was packed back again into its respective place. The conjuror could not have done that.

They were all ready for us—A-tye, A-moon, A-miu, and the rest—by half-past five, and we each set off in our boat, in procession, to a pretty little bay at the western horn of the harbour. My innate delicacy was put to a painful trial, and I had some thoughts of tumbling overboard in my light attire, dressed as I was. But one of our party had already taken his header, and upon A-tye asking me, with a laugh that set all her teeth flashing, "No wanchy washee so fashion?" I nervously commenced that operation which Box, or Cox—I forget which—announced to Mrs. Bouncer his intention of going through, to get her out of the room; and ended my cowering terrors in a plunge amongst the wooing waves that shook the laughing spray from their heads as they coquetted about the boat to receive me.

Down—twelve or fifteen feet deep—into the bright cold water, till the roaring subsided in my ears and the indistinct white gleams assumed regular forms of shells and pebbles as my eyes came down upon them. By Jove! it was a grand bath that morning! The delicious temperature threw new life into me at once, as I felt every muscle bind and rope itself with the shock. Up to the surface, rising and falling with the waves, rolling like a grampus over their crests, and flinging my limbs into all those free movements, so wildly independent of every law of

gravity and support, only to be achieved on or in the water. I shouted for very delight, and certainly, for the time, enjoyed the greatest bodily pleasure I ever experienced, until the sun rose over the convent on the eastern spit of land, like a burning Mentor come to disprove the possible duration of any earthly violent pleasure or delight. Guido would have drawn his Aurora, here, with headache, thirst, mosquitoes, lassitude, long gasps, and prickly heat accompanying her progress.

A-tye sat, like another Thetis, in her tanka, as various bearded river gods floated about her; and one might have heard worse things than the ringing laughter of all our pretty crews at our terrible attempts, when the bathe was over, to climb back into the boat. As we were getting in, one of our younger companions pinched A-moon's cheek, accompanying the action with some joke in Chinese. The girl gave him a box on the ears which all but knocked him back into the sea, and then, retiring to the stern of the boat, sulkily took up her oar, and never spoke another word all the rest of the way back. A-tye said, "No good he," and it was evident that they all felt insulted.

The Fei-maa was off again at nine, with our passengers of yesterday, and an addition in the shape of a Chinese conjuror—a ragged fellow, with the worst set of "properties" I ever saw in my life; bits of stick, old tea-cups, egg-shells, and broken dolls, battered and worn like undressed Punches. He evidently talked the old dialect (translated) of the Gyngeell and Katterfelto school of wizards; and he did one good thing. He put an egg in his mouth, and after many distortions pretended to gulp it down: he then opened his mouth, for the spectators to look into, and no trace of the egg was seen. Anon, with more grimaces, expressive of violent and superhuman agony, he shot it out of his mouth three or four yards off. I conjure a little myself, and watched him closely, but I could not make out how this was done.

All the armed precautions of yesterday were taken in the same manner at tiffin, and about three o'clock the river narrowed, and we were amongst the Bogue Forts. They are now all laid in ruins, but when perfect must certainly have been built up by somebody half pastrycook half engineer. They run down to the river like enormous castellated stone banacuffs, the straight part breasting the water; and in the hands of any other nation would have made a position as formidable as Ehrenbreitstein.

Hurrah! there's a pagoda on the hill to the left—a real Chinese pagoda, as tall as those which form the frontispiece of the Hundred Wonders of the World, and looking immensely like Kew Gardens put down on the Essex marshes. It is neglected and tumble-down, like everything else in China; and birds have dropped seeds on the different stories, from which large trees and creepers have grown all the way up to the top, giving it a very leafy and wreathed appearance. Soon we arrive at Whampoa, with its fine safe harbour,

almost filled with English, French, and American ships—one beautiful American vessel, the *Sea Serpent*, commanding universal admiration—and a shoal of tankas and san-pans are covering the water, plying small floating trades. "San-pan" means three planks, of which they make a boat something like a long coffin. One merchant paddles about in this, and sells soup, or macaroni, or needles and thread; and announces his approach by rattling a small drum filled with peas, as good a thing to frighten a horse with as can be conceived, but finding no such use hereabouts. I have a short time to pay a visit to Captain Heath, who is lying here in the Assistance screw steam store-ship of four hundred horse power, and who, with no chance of being in action up here, and with nothing particularly amusing in the neighbourhood, must have felt as dull as the people in Cheltenham on a wet Good Friday. Then, for a few minutes, to see Mr. Cooper, who made the docks at Whampoa, built the *Fei-maa* in them, and is Captain Castella's brother-in-law. He lives in a "chop"—a floating house like a two-storied City barge, but larger—with his family. His poor father was murdered by the Chinese the year before last. They came alongside, in a many-oared boat, and said they had a letter for him. He went down the ladder to receive it, when they pulled him into the boat, rowed off with him, under the guns of the English ships, and, it is supposed, beheaded him up one of the piratical creeks of the river, and got their blood money from Yeh. Yey, again, the illustrious exile who is now enjoying his luxurious opium cum dignitate at Calcutta, and will, no doubt, be a lion next season in Belgravia, as other odoriferous Eastern ruffians and murderers, and swindling scamps generally, have been before him. Are not these names chronicled "among the distinguished individuals present we observed" in the interesting lists of the fêtes in fashionable papers, from Jumjambudda Jaggerbedamjee, whose presence so enlivened the déjeuner of Mrs. Brown, of Pantile, down to Sir Underdown Whiffle, Bart., whose name, as noticed at the Opera last night, must have so influential an effect upon the future let for the season?

As we passed Whampoa, the boats on the river gradually thickened, and there were evidences on all sides of approaching a great city. The banks were more carefully cultivated; villages came closer together; one pagoda appeared after another in the distance, and the traffic increased. The river here is about the breadth of the Thames at Blackwall, with a country as flat as the Essex marshes on each side, mostly parcelled out in paddy fields. And now we see the White Cloud Mountains on our far right, and an amphibious population begins to inhabit structures between large birds'-nests and dog-kennels, built on piles along the mud of the low water. Some of these are old boats, also raised above high level upon long bamboo poles, which swing and bend about in a curiously fragile-looking manner, but are as trustworthy as iron columns. Next come

entire floating villages of tankas, all moored in rows, like the ships in the Pool, with their directing A-tyes, and A-moons, and A-mius, all looking as if they had moved on from Macao. Then, larger "chops" of the merchants and agents, looking like Noah's arks; neglected, but still gaudy flower-boats—floating improprieties of unquestionable reputation, which had found the Canton reach too hot to hold them since our arrival in its waters; dozens of enormous war-junks, rotting and water-logged, and in most instances as complete wrecks as you see at the ship-breakers' below Vauxhall-bridge. Captain Castella tells me that the mandarin admirals receive pay for these old hulks as if they were all equipped, and stored, and manned, and ready for action! And now under French men-of-war, and British gunboats—sanpans, lorchas, dragon-boats, and mandarin barges, so thickly swarming that some careful steerage on our part is required—we are before Canton.

There is not much to see yet, though. The first impression is that they are going to make a new street everywhere, for the eye falls on nothing but mounds of brickbats and solitary walls of houses, displaying those parti-coloured boundaries of rooms, closets, and staircases, which come out so oddly during our own "metropolitan improvements," when we learn for the first time that the maids had a blue distempered bedroom under the roof, and that the first floor was papered with grapes. Not so high though—the Canton houses have rarely two stories, with the exception of the joss-houses and yamuns, or palaces—so that viewed from the heights the city looks about as level-topped as a Swiss village.

We pass the Dutch Folly—a fort on an island in the middle of the river, about the size of another fort traditionally devoted to the consumption of eelpies on our own Thames—now in ruins. One of the 13-inch mortars, placed here at the siege of Canton, sent a shell clean over the city and set fire to Gough Fort, in the country beyond.

Honan is to Canton what the Borough is to London, and here the *Fei-maa* stops—opposite the site of the old Factories, as they were called. We have the mails on board, and the tea-tasters and clerks of the different English and American houses pull off for letters and news; the Straits Times being, of course, the great desirable object. With the sole exception of Galignani's Messenger, that paper must work cheaper and pay better than any journal in the world. Most of our passengers disembarked here, with a row similar to that at Macao, but less violent. Captain Castella is going to the Canton Allied landing-place in his own boat, so he is kind enough to take me and my interpreter, Mr. Rozario, with him, and we land in about twenty minutes down stream.

Can it be Poor Dog Tray that I hear? Most certainly, and played on a cornet-à-pistons, merging into the real Robsonian Willikins. And here am I listening to it, in Canton, with six Chinese pirates, fresh caught, squatting on the

ground of the wharf, all tied together by their pigtails, listening to it also with an expression of heavy, hopeless, uncertain incomprehensibility. Whereupon Jack, who is guarding them, observes, "Well, of all the stupid beggars I ever did see"—and then cuffs two of their heads together, as he adds, "no more feeling than nothing, they haven't got!"

Past military "Mossoos" concocting a bouillon out of scraps and crusts, and something very like hay, under the flickering shade of tricolor flags and union jacks; between groups of magnificent Sepoys, whose haughty salute looks very much like hatred quenched in fear, and then up into a little wigwam pagoda at the south-eastern angle of the walls, wherein, Captain Castella informs me in confidence, we shall find drinks. We climb up this edifice, which is very like a birdcage built after the fashion of a Chinese lighthouse, if there is such a thing, and enter a small room, pasted all over with cuts from English illustrated papers and periodicals. There is good cheer here to-day; evidences of a successful "loot" in the neighbourhood. There is a roast sucking-pig at top—fancy tasting crackling in the country where Elia's Bo-Bo first discovered it—and a roast goose at the bottom; with quarts of pale ale, and pints of champagne in a tub of saltpetre and water to cool them, obtained from Mr. Telesio, who has a store-chop down on the landing. A comforting man is Telesio. He looted an old flower-boat, from which the mandarins and improprieties had run away, all in a minute, when the Cruiser first opened fire on the doomed city in the memorable Christmastide of 1857-8. Then he fitted up this chop with goodly stores; barrels of beer, dozens of wines and brandies, and endless comestibles warranted to keep any length of time in any climate—a floating Fortunum, with an associate Mason upon Magazine Hill. He has marmalade, sardines, and Irish stew and haricot in red tins impossible to open if you do not carry a pickaxe in your pocket. There is Mann's fine butter—I do not know Mann—and Yankee peaches, and oysters, and bitters, also Dutch stomachic ditto. The familiar names of Huntley and Palmer, Lee and Perrin, Crosse and Blackwell, and Lazenby, call out England from their nooks and corners; and there are, in addition, cases and bottles labelled with those other names, entirely unknown to us in London, which appear to, and do, command such a wonderful export trade of medicines and condiments, to all corners of the world—if a globe can have corners.

All hospitality is accorded here. The latest London news is reported—the last jokes are repeated, and club squabbles discussed—and then, with a warm good-by to Captain Castella, I sally forth, with two coolies carrying my box, and the faithful Rosario at my side, to headquarters, about two miles off.

It is a blazing, scathing, dazzling afternoon, and the western sun is scorching on the walls, coming first through our umbrellas, and then through our pith hats, and after that through our skulls, until our brains must be simmering;

and the tree-crickets, as one of the siege train observes, "want oiling uncommon." But we plod on, along the walls, which have a broad walk behind the embrasures on our right, and a sloping bank on our left, going down at once to the city. I am reminded occasionally of the walls of Chester. Below, on the right, seen through the loopholes, is the suburb of demolished houses, and the open country. On the left is Canton, or rather its former site, for nothing but acres and acres of brick-bats are now to be seen. As we pass the different pagodas over the city gates, we find them filled with troops; and, now and then, the surprised exclamation of "Why, what the (never mind) brings you out here, old fellow?" prefaces another visit and more beer.

The head-quarters at Canton are placed on a finely wooded hill, covered with as many joss-houses as the Monte Sacro at Varallo. In the finest of these, built and endowed by Yeh, and barely finished, General Von Straubenzee has taken up his residence. Its position is excellently shown in Mr. Burford's very faithful panorama now exhibiting: and the different associated temples—this one is dedicated to the Genii of Eternal Spring—rise steeply above one another, for all the world like the perpendicular landscape on a carved ivory card-case. You enter through one of the usual circular openings peculiar to China, and ascend a broad, tall flight of stairs—no joke in this climate—until you arrive on a fine terrace, with the open halls of the joss forming the background. Here I met the General, and a frank, unaffected welcome makes me quite at home at once, as the coolies bring my box into a room which I am to call my own. It is an elaborately decorated Chinese apartment, with oyster-shells scraped as thin as paper let into the casements, octagonal in shape, like honeycombs. The furniture is all of hard ebony, marvellously carved, and at the end of the room is an open-work screen of fruits and flowers, which Quintin Matsys might have taken as a pattern for his wrought iron work; and under this there is the usual opium-smoking platform, with its hard square wooden pillows. The doors open on a terrace shaded with matting, and on a balcony of those beautiful green Chinese tiles, worked au jour, upon which are placed huge comical vases, holding growing flowers of rare beauty. From the ceilings hang flower-baskets of fresh petals strung on wires; and some restless little birds jerk about and polish their beaks in delicate bamboo cages, not much caring whether Buddhists or Christians worship in the temple, so long as they get their food.

It wants an hour to dinner, so I stroll up the wood behind the temple, and pass through some other temples, and under some square triumphal elevations, and up more stairs to the northern walls. Here and there I get a fine view of the suburban country; level, populous, and highly cultivated, stretching away towards the White Cloud Mountains. Pleasant-looking little villages are dotted here and there; stone causeways run

from one to the other, and on to the city, along which people are passing and repassing like ants, but I nowhere see a horse, or anything on wheels. They carry everything themselves, upon a bamboo pole. Regular tea-chest-looking labourers are bobbing for frogs in the holes of the paddy fields; and a little boy and a tall man are going off towards the mountains. Just so might Aladdin have started with his assumed uncle to find the wonderful lamp of that most charming of all our boyhood's tales.

We dined that day in the great Buddhist hall of the joss-house, enormous idols looking on with gilt stupidity at our proceedings. It is not a "Chinese dinner" by any means. We have excellent Shanghai mutton, although rather tough, for, in this climate everything must be eaten a few hours after it is killed; we have also vermicelli soup—down in the city, perhaps, it would be made with real worms—and we have some little fowls, small and thin enough for Vauxhall, but here they are fourpence each instead of four shillings, as whilom at that mouldy old temple of unamusing extortion. So, with claret, maderia, and pale ale, we do not altogether starve.

Mr. Commissioner Parkes promises that tomorrow he will take me "all over Canton." But his head is worth a thousand dollars, even now, up at Pekin; so I am to come with my revolver, and the officers at the Engineers' quarters will lend me anything else. And I am first to breakfast with them, for they want me to see their treasures. They have a fighting goose there, that can thrash two turkeys, and, as they will all three be eaten in as many days, I must not lose the chance. They have also loot, and curios; and a fresh tub of beer, with a pewter mug to drink it out of—fancy that! so that we are not so badly off, after all, as we might be in some awfully respectable London houses, where malt is taboo'd—at least before company. Once, dining with some people who lived by this rule, and in frightful awe of what the world thought of them, I asked for beer. The calm, cold falsehood which informed me that "there was none in the house" was a thing to recollect. Which I did, for, being at an evening party shortly afterwards, in the same establishment, I got the link-man to bring me a pint of half-and-half from the neighbouring public-house, and I left the pewter measure at the foot of a Hebe on the staircase, just before the first and important detachment of guests came rustling down to supper.

I went to bed betimes in the joss-house that night, for I had gone through a tiring day. I slept on a cane sofa in the balcony, with a light muslin mosquito tent over me. One by one the lights in the great city at my feet were extinguished—the challenges of the sentinels died away, and a silence so deep that it amounted almost to oppression, reigned over Canton. Then the moon rose behind Houan, throwing the pagodas and yamuns into bold relief; but I could still make out the little specks of light and hear the bells marking the time on the ships in

the river. I did not sleep well—heat, excitement, and novelty all combined to keep me awake by fits and starts till the silence was broken by the English drums and fifes playing the réveil, and the sunlight flashed over the panorama with tropical rapidity, lighting up at once the entire view.

A SUM IN FAIR DIVISION.

ONCE upon a time I was one of the pale faces who studied physic at St. Poulitce's, and had registered my name in a certain book at the hospital as candidate for the privilege of helping infant paupers over their first trouble in the world. A scrap of paper ordered me to Saffron-hill upon a summer's night, when there was a bright moon on the still sea far away, on the green corn, and on the river flowing down from among quiet meadows to the city asleep in its dirt. Silver came down from heaven even among the hawkers who were still at work in Leather-lane, but they were none the richer for it. There was an outcry of traders and quarrellers, a hubbub, and a throng of eager, hungry, filthy life. The gin-shops glared their welcome on each side. About the door of one there was a crowd intent upon a quarrel between angry women; ballad-singers wailed their comic songs, in rivalry with bands and solitary fiddles, dip candles in paper lanterns flickered over unwholesome shell-fish, fruit, sweetmeats, miserable trinkets; vegetable trucks strewed the road and the foul pavement with their refuse. I elbowed my way through the crowd, escaped down a by-street into the mere stoniness of Hatton-garden, a desert of private houses, then decaying into offices and shops. A wretched thoroughfare at the end, now runs over the side of the old garden wall; yet once turf yellow with crocuses flourished just outside it, upon Saffron-hill.

I was but a boy, and might be pardoned for a shudder at my work. The place was and is wretched. There was green dirt overrunning from the kennel, black dirt about all the doorways, grey dirt on the windows or the bits of paper or the bundles of old rag thrust into window-frames, yellow dirt on every haggard face. Bony young children, late as it was, were in the road. Gaunt women were scolding, as I suppose there always are, who scold all night and all day, in their doorways. Drunken men were swearing home to bed, and one of them was lying at length in the gutter. There were not many lights in the windows, except those of a few ghastly and cavernous little shops; but one light at an upper window helped me to assurance of the house I was to enter.

Up a sooty staircase, by a room into which there struggled just enough of moonlight to show eight or ten men, women, and children huddled on the floor, and all, except one drunken girl, asleep, I found the way to my patient. Let me call her Mrs. Part. She was a large, red woman—I, a white little chit of a student. The public should remember that an hospital

student does not practise at the expense of the poor, as by experiment upon the vile. He may be weak in himself, but he is strong in having at his back the best help in the world, ready at a word to come with succour to the side of the most miserable pallet. I required no help. Mrs. Part was a mother for the fourteenth time; but more than half of her children were already lying in the rank little square known as the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Two old women in beards, from a room below, helped me to welcome the poor little baby to its heritage of want. It consoled me in my inexperience to hear these women in the next room favourably reviewing my first effort, and crediting me with an experience that I did not possess. To me the scene was new, and so were the emotions it occasioned. Mrs. Part had informed me abundantly about her household life, about the births and lives and deaths of children, and her husband's industry. He was out then, when it was nearly midnight, and had been labouring all day with his barrow-load of penny trinkets and small toys. The most wretched, while there is hope in them, cannot endure bare life without making some faint effort to beautify it. But it is hard for the seller of those luxuries of painted parrots, and gay bits of picture, and bead bracelets, whenever a frost comes or a new pressure of pestilence or famine.

This poor woman and her husband, prospering through sobriety, were reckoned rich in Saffron-hill. They managed to rent two rooms for themselves and their six living children. The back room contained but a few old beds laid on the floor, a deal chair, a fragment of looking-glass, and an earthen basin. I was in the front room, where there were some coloured pictures on the wall, a very little crockery in a cupboard, a saucepan and a frying-pan, the woman's own bed on the floor, some old rush-bottomed chairs, and a deal table. The infant lay wrapped in an apron on its mother's arm. What others know as possibilities of life were to it impossibilities; the dread of others was its certainty, if it should live. Not the less happy was the mother's face. Had she been a great lady, with a husband anxious for an heir to his estates, there would have been no truer joy at her heart than there seemed to be in it as she greeted weary Mr. Part, when he at last entered, with the cry, "It's a boy, John." A boy can earn. Misery cannot hunt a boy so easily as it can hunt a girl into the toils, and bring him down to shame.

"Very well, Sue. Your servant, sir. I ask your pardon. Here's his hansel."

"You've had a long day, poor fellow."

"And a good one, girl. What'll I get you? See here." It was a great spectacle of coppers, worth four shillings-and-two pence. Fourteen hours' work cheerfully done for a return of four and two pence, out of which it is to be hoped that three shillings were profit.

Wealth indeed! Some years ago it was calculated that the poor throughout the country keep themselves and do not fall upon the rates, if they can earn four pounds a year per back

and mouth, we must not say per head, since the head goes for nothing.

"And what did little Bill get for his winkles?"

"Eightpence; but he came home with a black eye. He couldn't help it; it wasn't fighting; somebody that came out of a public house hit him in Leather-lane."

"Ah, well," said the father, "be it as it may. Poor boy! He'll have enough thumping about. Is a fellow to look at the baby?"

Certainly he was, but I was sorry to disturb his happiness, for there was something to be written or signed, and he was then at his wit's end for writing material. I had to make out with a pointed stick dipped into ink, of which the material was scraped out of the chimney.

All this happened some time ago. The baby lived and grew, by help of his father's energetic labour, and in due time, by help of his own toil, to be a stout young man. Several odd chances combined to bring the Parts, at sundry times, across my path in life. This baby went by my recommendation, as a tall and rather handsome young fellow, named Thomas, into the service of one of my oldest and kindest friends, a wealthy bachelor at Kensington. The family was dispersed. The father was dead, the mother was in the workhouse. One girl had tried farm service in Leicestershire, and there got married. One boy was a hawker, as his father had been. One had, to the never ending grief of his mother, taken to bad courses, and been sentenced to transportation. The two girls were honest girls; one, as I have just said, married, and the other served as scullery-maid in a West-end hotel.

The prosperous man of the family is Tom, the footman, who is scraping together savings from his wages, with the design of setting up as soon as he can a little shop, and fetching home his mother from the workhouse. I have seen this mother and son together when the mother nursed, with all her love, the helpless son. I am to see, also, the son nursing his mother. My friend Tom, coming to me lately with a message from his master, answered with a troubled face my question as to the well-being of his family:

"Peggy, poor girl, in Leicestershire, is nursing a sick husband and two little babies. There's nothing coming in except from the club. I've helped her to keep off the parish, for she has a high heart, and they've worked hard and thriven, though her Dick is but a farm labourer. They'll do when he comes round again, I have no fear. But my heart aches for little Susie—that's my sister you know, sir, at the great hotel. There wasn't a brighter little darling upon earth than she was when she went there as scullery-maid six years ago. And how she has kept her place, and bore everything, and stripped herself to help raise money to defend our Will when he got into trouble!" (Our Will is the unhappy youth who has disgraced the family, but instead of shutting him out of their hearts this brother of his and his sisters speak of him with a peculiar tenderness.) "We all petted Susie, and there was

nobody she wouldn't pet. She kept Will straight for a whole year when she was but a child of twelve. Well, sir, she is an old woman of two-and twenty now. She has overworked herself, and got some poison from the kitchen drains. So she wasn't fit for her work, and lost her place, and was destitute like. I had some of my savings left, and would have helped her, but she's a proud girl in her way. 'It's mother's bread you want to give me, Tom,' says she. 'It's not right to keep me, that's her child, out of the workhouse by forcing her to die in it. I'm young, and I shall do. I haven't grudged work to the parish, and I'm not ashamed to take help till I'm strong enough—as I soon shall be—to buckle to again.' She's a brave little Susie, sir. She wasn't spoilt by petting, and she wasn't spoilt by slaving, though she did let herself be driven like a slave."

"You have right to be proud of her."

"Proud of her, sir. Proud of what else? Why didn't she go and sin, as, thank God, never sister of mine did? Why didn't she let herself be led away, as our Will was, and get tired of toiling all the year round for a few dry crumbs when she could get a year's earnings in a week or a day by thieving! There's One that knows who's tempted and who isn't, and what they deserve who fight in awful struggle with the Tempter all their lives and win. My poor weak brother wasn't equal to the wrestle. But, brave little Susie! Well, sir, Will, before he is taken abroad, where he may mend and thrive, is in a model prison now, well lodged and comfortably fed. That's what he gets for doing wrong. It made me cry to see our Susie in one of the hungriest of London workhouses. Little enough she gets for doing right."

"But her work," I said, "was at an hotel in St. George's, Hanover-square, where there are few poor, and out of very light rates guardians afford liberal maintenance."

"I had that in my head, sir, when I agreed to what the darling said so truly about mother. But it turned out to have been settled long ago that, as the rich people hadn't many poor except their servants in their parishes, they shouldn't be asked to pay rates for support of such as them when they fell destitute. Domestic servants, it was settled, commonly come out of impoverished places, and they was to be sent back to those impoverished places to be fed when they had worked themselves out in the service of their betters. Domestic service for any length of years doesn't give anybody now a settlement. So Susie was sucked dry down Hanover-square way and then was chucked back for the remains of her life to rot in Saffron-hill."

"Tom, you are angry!"

"I think not, sir. I don't know who with. But there's something that's not fair to little Susie, sir—something that isn't just. I'm told the rich people in these grand parts of town have saved themselves two shillings in the pound, and shifted over the burden of four parts out of five of their poor's rate upon the overweighted little shopkeepers in such places as Saffron-hill

and Leather-lane by hitching off the charge of their disabled servants. Is that fair? Little as they pay there is enough to afford six or seven shillings a week to the keep of a poor person in their workhouses. How can a parish manage that when it is crammed with poor creatures who have to be supported chiefly by folks hardly fit to keep themselves out of starvation? How can such parishes afford an allowance such as that? The rates have to be kept down by might and main. It's cruel—it looks fearfully hard-hearted in the working—but it's a necessity. My Susie must be made to cost less than three shillings a week, and every penny of that's grudged her, because by right, if not by law, she belongs to St. George's. It isn't only the little that's in the helping hand my darling gets held out to her, but it's the way it's held. And yet people are kind enough. My master, now—"

"Your master, Tom, pays, I think, not very much more poor's rate than your sister's master did. His great house at Kensington is one of a pile built where a nest of starvelings was pulled down. No new nest was given to the starvelings, and they went to Fulham, which is a nice place, where almond and appleblossom comes out a week earlier than on our side of London, but where the parish is charged heavily with poor. The poor turned out of Kensington have settled there. Fulham shopkeepers and gardeners pay three-and-sixpence in the pound for support of the poor, your master pays only a shilling. Yet I know very well that the low rate pleases him. And, you know, he is a member of Parliament."

"My master," said Tom, "wouldn't leave a fly to struggle in a milkpot. He'd not only fetch him out, but also wipe him. There'd be no sort of laws wanted if all men were like unto him."

"Have you spoken of Susie to your master? He might help you."

"He would, sir. But I am thankful to say he knows nothing of my affairs. What right have I, knowing his good nature, to take advantage of it? Because he does more than his duty by me, feeds me well, pays me well, even nurses me when I am ill—for he never turns us out into the street—was I to press upon him also with our trouble about finding law for our Will? Is he to support also my mother and my sister? What justice would there be in that? But, sir,"—the poor fellow's voice quivered with sudden reverence—"I have another Master upon whom I may throw my burdens, however many they may be. I have spoken to Him of Susie, and the rest of us. He will help me, I am not afraid."

One hears daily of troubles, and bears easily those which do not lie on one's own shoulder. I felt sympathy and respect for Thomas Part, but gave, I am ashamed to say, no active thought to his affairs, and often saw his master in the way of friendly intercourse without alluding to the sorrows of the footman.

One morning I was with my friend in his study labouring to impress upon him what I

took to be the right view of a proposed measure for medical reform.

"Now," he said, "if you've emptied out your bag of wind will you tell why you doctors, living in the heart of things, full of deep moment, able, if you have eyes, to see the marrow of a hundred social truths, worry about these trifles—councils, quacks, registers, licensing bodies—You want just free trade."

"But, my good sir—"

"Free trade, I say. Now let me ask whether you have ever given any attention to the subject of county rating."

"I know nothing about it."

"Then you are an ass, my dear friend—an ass. It lay under your nose. I had lately convinced myself that one of the most important wants of the day is an equalised poor-rate."

"Oh, I see. Thomas from down-stairs has been speaking to you."

"Thomas!" my friend cried with a face of blank amazement. "What should he know about politics?"

So here I thought myself not quite the only gentleman who did not see into what lay close to his nose.

"No; I have had my attention called to the subject by a very intelligent member of the House. I have gone through the facts, and they are very striking. Why didn't you doctors tell us long ago what you must have seen of the working of all this among the poor? But you have your brains spread upon plaisters; there's nothing but mixture in your heads. Don't look as if you had a pill in your throat; listen to me. Look here: you pale up the poor in parishes, and say each pays its own. Here's a purgatory of a parish, never mind its name, there are hundreds of them in England, and I won't bless them with the name of a saint. Here's the old parish of Bread the Less, with poor inhabitants as plentiful as mites in cheese, tightly paled in. Cosy gentlemen from the adjoining paradise of Cake the Greater look over the pales and cry, 'Rally about your beadle, gentlemen; support your own poor!' Some poor worm wriggles up the paling and falls over into the blessed land. He is taken up between finger and thumb and thrown back into Purgatory, with a 'Will you support your own poor, gentlemen? That fellow has no settlement here, you know.' 'But,' cries a soul in pain, 'we must pay four shillings in the pound to get our many poor only starvation commons. The few you have you can feed handsomely, though you pay only fourpence in the pound'—truly, no more is paid, my dear doctor, by the rich people in Paddington—and, after all, you could more easily pay forty pounds than we can pay four shillings. Are we to be the dogs who lick the wounds of Lazarus while he is fed only by the crumbs under your table, Dives?' That's the way they ought to talk, only they never do. They see their necessity, and talk of putting on the screw. They make what we in the West call hard-hearted guardians and overseers. Pooh, pooh, sir! Have I a hoof growing? Have I claws?

Do you see my tail anywhere? If anybody is the monster, it is I. Those people are blind in their way, I have been as blind in mine. Why, sir, the Bank of England itself, and that's Dives, I think, occupies the best part or the whole of the parish of St. Christopher-le-Stock, and though its premises are worth fifty thousand pounds a year, it only pays a farthing a pound to the London poor. That is its crumb to Lazarus. The actual total is not more than is paid by a single house in other parts of London; it is not half as much as is paid by the Times printing-office; not a third as much as is paid by the Apothecaries' Company. The Bank of England pays Lazarus a farthing in the pound. The poor parish of St. Nicolas Olave pays eight shillings in the pound. The richer a parish grows the less it has to pay. The poorer a parish grows the more it has to pay. Very reasonable, eh? When Regent-street was built, an immense number of poor dwellings were destroyed, no substitutes for them were erected, and the poor were tossed into surrounding parishes, to fall on their legs if they could. When the improvements were made in the Strand and Trafalgar-square, the same happened. When New Farringdon-street was formed, the same was done. A horde of poor was hunted over the borders of one parish to settle down in another as it could. A waste was made in the centre of London, and it has contributed nothing to relieve the distress it magnified up to the present day. When New Oxford-street was made, and the homes of thousands in St. Giles's were destroyed but not built up again elsewhere, the poor again were crowded down upon each other, rammed together, and taxed trebly to pay for one another's miseries. When Victoria-street, Westminster, was made, a member of the chapter observed, 'I am happy to say we improve rapidly. We have got rid of many hundreds of the worst of the poorer class.' He was asked whither they were gone, and answered, 'Really, that is not a subject for our consideration, the parishes where they are now living must look to that!' Now, doctor, a state of things like this breeds facts by tens of thousands. Pamphlets and Blue-books are full of them, but the lanes, and wretched rooms, and workhouses, and workhouse-gates at night, with the poor wretches shivering outside, they also are full of them."

"Yes, truly."

"I do not for an instant think that the Legislature knew how cruel a thing it was when, in 1832, they declared that domestic service was not to establish for the poor a settlement among the rich. But I don't speak only of London, surely not. Look all over the country. See the farmers denying cottages to labourers in rural parishes, though the denial forces them to come and go three or four miles to and from work, and all in order that they may not acquire a settlement and fall upon their parish rate. Into a big country town the labourers are forced from miles of the surrounding country, and the county townsman pays perhaps, as in Norwich, three or

four shillings of poor's rate against as many pence contributed by those who drive their labourers into the Norwich lanes, and throw the burdens of their occasional distress and sickness on the Norwich rates. Yet they take from the town all that can be taken. They thrive mainly by reason of the town, which opens to their corn and beef and milk an ample market. I say, sir," my friend continued, perhaps fancying himself in the House of Commons, "that the root of a thousand griefs that may be readily destroyed is to be found in this question of the inequality of rating for the relief of the poor. I do not wish to see any great national system under central government. But I am sure that men of the same county could maintain for this purpose of rating some machinery within their own control for the establishing of uniform assessment. The general issue of that would be, that, instead of a rate of fourpence, sixpence, or a shilling charged upon the rich, and of three, four, or eight shillings charged upon the poor, there would be an equal rate of eightpence, or two shillings."

"Oh, if you please, sir, will you come and speak to Thomas, sir? He's had a letter." So said a bright little parlour-maid, suddenly opening the study door.

"A letter! Well, what then?"

"He's crying, sir; I wasn't to come and tell you; but I ought." The little maid was energetic about that. It afterwards appeared that she was in the confidence of Thomas, and having views of her own in addition to her sympathies, seized this occasion of betraying him, not to his enemy, but to his strongest friend.

The letter was from his sister in Leicestershire, whose husband had not mended as she hoped, but had sunk slowly and died. She had buried him herself with Tom's help. Then she had, after the long strain on her mind was suddenly withdrawn, fallen sick, so that she and her children needed tending until she was strong enough to earn her living, as she knew she should, for she had made many good friends in that part of the country. At last, therefore, she went to the parish for a few weeks' sustenance, and by the parish had been packed off with her children into Warwick, where her husband had a settlement. She was in Warwick workhouse, where her heart would break, for how could she go out of it into a strange place without a living soul who knew her story and was ready to help and cheer her in endeavouring to be a free, true mother to her children.

The little parlour-maid was privileged to read this letter, and knew all Tom's grief. Then she committed the great crime of fetching master. She made a clean breast of it while she was about it, and I may as well own that I helped to be Tom's deputy confessor.

Thomas Part is not of an unforgiving temper: he has been discharged his master's service and put into a little shop. His sister and her two children have been fetched from Warwickshire, to the half-satisfaction of the traitress, and the sister is housekeeper for him and his mother. He

has been suddenly forced into the full bloom of all his hopes. Susie is being petted by my friends' domestics, and is commonly supposed to be in training for the place of parlour-maid, which is expected in a few months to become vacant.

It is in the power of a good man to make this or that household happy. It is the higher privilege of a good law to increase happiness throughout a nation. Many a labourer who now comes from afar, already weary, to his work, many a Lazarus, half-fed by the pauperised community which yet yields up no small share of its bread to his support, will find rest, comfort, and hope in an act of justice that has yet to be accomplished. Call it an act for the more even distribution of the burden of the poor-rate and the consequent suppression of the cruelties arising from the law of Settlement and Poor Removal.

THE CRUSOE OF THE SNOWY DESERT.

LATE in the autumn of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Mr. Baldwin Möllhausen, a Prussian traveller, pursuing his investigations in Northern America, had occasion to make a return journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. He started with one companion only, and with three horses and a mule, for riding and for carrying the baggage.

Scanty fodder, Indian treachery, and the fearful cold of those snowy regions, produced the first disasters of the travellers, by depriving them of the services of all four animals. Their last horse was killed by exposure to an icy gale, at a spot in the miserable wilderness called Sandy Hill Creek. Here, now that their last means of getting forward had failed them, they were compelled to stop, at a period of the year when every succeeding day might be expected to increase the horrors of the cold, and the chances of death by starvation in the prairie wastes.

They had a little Indian tent with them, and they set it up for shelter. They had also a small supply of bad buffalo meat, rice, and Indian corn. On this they existed miserably for a few days, until the Post from Fort Kearney to the Flat River happened to pass them.

With all the will to rescue both the travellers, the Post did not possess the power. It was barely possible for the persons in charge of it—their own lives depending on their getting on rapidly, and husbanding their provisions—to make room for one man in their little vehicle drawn by six mules. The other man would have no help for it but to remain behind with the goods, alone in the wilderness, and to keep himself alive, if it was possible, in that dreadful position, until the Post could send horses back for him from the Catholic Mission, eighty or a hundred miles off.

In this emergency—an emergency of life or death if ever there was one yet—the travellers agreed on drawing lots to decide which man was to be rescued, and which man was to remain. The lot to remain fell on Mr. Möllhausen.

The Post resumed its journey at once, with the rescued traveller squeezed into the little carriage. Mr. Möllhausen watched the departure of the vehicle till it was out of sight, till he was left alone, the one living being in the white waste—the Crusoe of the snowy desert. He had three chances, not of life, but of death. Death by cold; death by the murderous treachery of savages; death by the teeth of the wolves which prowled the wilderness by night. But he was a brave man, and he faced his imminent perils and his awful loneliness with a stout heart.

He was well supplied with arms and ammunition; and the first thing he did when the Post left him was to look to these. His next proceeding was to make use of the snow on the earth to keep out the snow from the heavens by raising a white wall, firmly stamped, all round his little tent. He then dragged up a supply of wood from the river near at hand, and piled it before his door. His fire-place was a hollow in the ground, in front of his bed of blankets and buffalo hides. The food he possessed to cook at it consisted of buffalo meat and rice. He had also some coffee. These provisions, on which his feeble chance of life depended, he carefully divided into fourteen days' rations, having first calculated that, in fourteen days at the furthest, he might look for help from the Mission. The sum of his preparations was now complete. He fed his fire, set on his food to cook, and crept into his blankets to wait for the coming of night—the first night alone in the desert.

After a time, the silence and the solitude weighed upon him so heavily, that he sought some kind of comfort and companionship in trying to talk to himself; but, in that forlorn situation, even the sound of his own voice made him shudder. The sun sank to its setting behind snow clouds; its last rays were trembling redly over the wilderness of white ground, when the howl of the wolves came down upon him on the icy wind. They were assembled in a ravine where the travellers' last horse had fallen dead, some days before. Nothing was left of the animal but his polished bones and the rings of his harness; and over these bare relics of their feast the ravenous creatures wrangled and yelled all night long. The deserted man, listening to them in his tent, tried to while away the unspeakable oppression of the dark hours by calculating their varying numbers from the greater or lesser volume of the howling sounds that reached him. Exhaustion overpowered his faculties, while he was still at this melancholy work. He slept, till hunger woke him the next day, when the sun was high again in the heavens.

He cut a notch in the pole of his tent to mark that one day was passed. It was then the sixteenth or eighteenth of November; and by Christmas he vainly believed that he would be safe at the Mission. That second day was very weary; and his strength was failing him already. When he dragged up the wood and water to his tent, his feet were lame, and he staggered like a drunken man

Hopeless and hungry, he sat down on his bed, filled his pipe with willow-leaves, the best substitute for tobacco that he possessed, and smoked in the warmth of the fire, with his eyes on the boiling kettle into which he had thrown a little maize. He was still thus occupied, when the dreary view through the opening of his tent was suddenly changed by the appearance of living beings. Some horsemen were approaching him, driving laden horses before them. His weapons were at hand, and, with these ready, he awaited their advance. As they came nearer, he saw that they were Indians of a friendly tribe, returning from a beaver hunt. Within gun-shot they stopped; and one of them addressed him in English. They accepted his invitation to enter the tent; and, sitting there by his side, they entreated him, long and earnestly, to abandon the goods, to give up the vain hope of help from the Mission, and to save his life by casting his lot with theirs.

"The wolves," said the man who had first spoken in English—a Delaware Indian—"the wolves will give you no rest, day or night; and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find you out, you will be robbed, murdered and scalped. You have no hope of rescue. Bad horses would not live to get to you; and the whites of the Mission will not risk good horses and their own lives to save one man whom they will give up for lost. Come with us."

But Mr. Möllhausen, unfortunately for himself, put faith in the Mission. He was, moreover, bravely and honourably anxious to preserve the goods, only the smaller share of which happened to be his own property. Firmly persuaded that his fellow white men would not desert him, and that they would bring him easier means of travelling, in his disabled condition, than those which the Delawares could offer, he still held to his first resolution, and still said, "No."

The Indian rose to leave him.

"The word of a white," said the savage, "is more to you than the will and deed of a Red Skin. You have had your choice—may you not deceive yourself!"

With these words he shook Mr. Möllhausen by the hand, and he and his companions departed. They never once looked back at the traveller or his tent; but kept on their way rapidly towards the south, and left him a doomed man.

For the next eight days snow-storms raged incessantly, and threatened to bury him alive in his tent. Although he was, as yet, spared the pangs of hunger (the friendly Indians having increased his small stock of provisions by the leg of an antelope), his sufferings of other kinds were indescribable. He was so lame that he had to crawl on his hands and knees when he fetched his supply of water; his head swam; his memory failed him; and he dared not close his eyes by night for fear of the wolves. Maddened by hunger, they came nearer and nearer to him. Howling and yelling they circled round and round the tent, closer and closer, at the close of every day. One night he heard the snow outside crackling under their feet; the next, he

saw the teeth of one of them appear through the leather side of his tent. He could only scare them away by firing at them in the darkness; but they returned to the attack in a few hours; and they left him no chance of sleep till the broad daylight drove them back to their lairs.

He was just strong enough on the ninth day to make the ninth notch in the pole of the tent. On the tenth he was powerless. His courage gave way; and he despaired, for the first time, of rescue. He had a medicine-chest with him, which he had already used, containing a small bottle of laudanum and a case of quinine. Without forming any distinct resolution, without well knowing what he did, he put the laudanum bottle to his lips and almost emptied it. A deep swoon followed the draught: he remembered taking it, and remembered nothing more.

When he came to himself again it was pitch dark, and his tent poles were rocking in a gale of wind. Thirst, and, in a lesser degree, hunger, were his awakening sensations. He satisfied the first with half-melted snow, and the second with raw buffalo-meat. When his fire (which had dwindled to a few glimmering sparks) was relighted, he roasted the meat; and recklessly devoured three days' rations at a meal. By the morning he was so much better (partly through the rest which the laudanum had given to his mind, partly through the sustenance which the excess of food had afforded to his body) that the preservation of his life became once more a matter of some interest to him. He tottered out, leaning on his rifle, to get a little exercise. In a few days he contrived to walk as far as the top of a low hill, from which he could look forth, all round, over the lonesome prospect.

By this time his provisions were at an end, and the last faint hope of rescue from the Mission had died out of his mind. It was a question, now, whether the man should devour the wolves, or the wolves the man. The man had his rifle, his ammunition, and his steady resolution to fight it out with solitude, cold, and starvation, to the very last—and the wolves dropped under his bullets, and fed him with their dry, sinewy flesh. He took the best part of the meat only, and left the rest. Every morning the carcass abandoned over night was missing. The wolves that were living devoured to the last morsel the wolves that were dead.

He grew accustomed to his wretched and revolting food, and to every other hardship of his forlorn situation—except the solitude of it. The unutterable oppression of his own loneliness hung upon his mind, a heavier and heavier weight with each succeeding day. A savage shyness at the idea of meeting with any living human creatures began to take possession of him. There were moments when he underwent the most fearful of all mortal trials—the conscious struggle to keep the control of his own senses. At such times, he sang, and whistled, and extended his walks to the utmost limits that his strength would allow; and so, by main force, as it were, held his own tottering reason still in its place.

Thus, the woful time—the dreary, lonely, hopeless hours—wore on till he had cut his sixteenth notch in the tent-pole. This was a memorable day in the history of the Crusoe of the snowy desert.

He had walked out to the top of the little hill to watch the sun's way downward in the wintry western heaven, and he was wearily looking about him, as usual, when he saw two human figures, specks as yet in the distance, approaching from the far north. The warning of the Delaware Indian came back to his memory, and reminded him that those two men were approaching from the district of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to await the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his tent. If they were Pawnees, he knew that the time had come when they or he must die.

He went back to the tent, armed himself with as many weapons as he could carry, took the percussion-caps off the rest, and hid them under his bed. Then he put wood on the fire, so as to let the smoke rise freely through the opening at the top of the tent, and thereby strengthen any suspicion in the minds of strangers that a living man was inside it; and he next fastened the second opening, which served for door, tying it on the inner side, as if he had shut himself up for the night. This done, he withdrew to the frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a hundred and fifty paces off, walking backwards so as to make his footmarks in the snow appear to be leading to the tent, instead of away from it. Arrived on the ice, off which the high winds had drifted the snow up on the banks, he took off his shoes for fear the nails in them might betray him by scratches on the smoothly-frozen surface, and then followed the stream over the ice, till he reached the winding which brought its course nearest to his tent. Here he climbed up the bank, between two snow-drifts, and hid himself among some withered bushes, where the twigs and stalks gave him a sight of the tent, and just room enough, besides, for the use of his weapons.

In this situation he watched and listened. Although the frost was so intense that his breath froze on his beard, and his left hand felt glued to the barrel of his levelled rifle, the fever of expectation in his mind prevented his feeling the cold. He watched, for what seemed to be an interminable time; and, at last, the heads of the two men rose in sight over the brow of a neighbouring hill. Their figures followed in another minute. All doubts were ended now—the last day in this world had dawned for him or for them—the men were Pawnees.

After holding counsel together on the hill, the savages threw back their buffalo skins, drew their full quivers before them, and strung their bows. They then separated. One walked to the top of the hill from which the deserted traveller had first caught sight of them, to trace the direction of his footsteps: the other examined the track between the water and the tent. Both appeared to be satisfied with their investigations; both met again before the tent, and

communicated with one another by gestures, which expressed their conviction that the victim was asleep by his fire inside. In another moment they drew their bowstrings, placing themselves so that their double fire of arrows should meet at right angles in the tent.

The man whose life they were seeking never felt that life so dear to him as at the moment when he saw them shoot five arrows into the place where he slept. Still he watched and waited; for his existence now depended on his cunning and patience, on his not miscalculating, by an instant, the time to fire. He saw the savages pause and listen before they ventured into the tent. One of them then dropped his bow, grasped his tomahawk, and knelt to creep under the curtained opening; while the other stood over him with his arrow in the string ready to shoot. In this position, the skull of the kneeling Indian was brought within the white man's line of sight; and he cocked his rifle. Faint as the click was, he saw that it had caught their quick ears—for they both started and turned round. Observing that this movement made the kneeling man less likely to escape his eye in the tent, he shifted his aim, and fired at the naked breast of the man with the bow. The sharp eye of the savage discovered his hidden enemy at the same instant, and he sprang aside. But it was too late—he was hit; and he fell with a scream that went through every nerve of Mr. Möllhausen's body. The other savage jumped to his feet; but the white man's weapon was the quicker of the two, and a discharge of buckshot hit him full in the face and neck. He dropped dead on the spot, by the side of the other man who was still groaning.

Although he knew that he had justifiably shot, in self-defence, two savages, whose murderous design on his own life had been betrayed before his eyes—although he was absolutely certain that if either one of the Pawnees had been permitted to escape, the whole tribe would have been at the tent by the next day—the brave traveller's nerve deserted him when he saw his two enemies on the ground, and when he thought of the terrible after-necessity of hiding what had been done. With a feeling of unutterable despair he mechanically reloaded his rifle, and approached the place. The groans of the Indian who had been shot in the breast moved his pity so strongly that they seemed to recal him to himself. First turning the dead Indian face downwards, to escape the horrifying sight of the mangled features, he approached his wounded enemy, and made signs that he would forgive him, help him, cover him with buffalo skins, take him into the tent, and there do all that was in the power of man to gain his goodwill by preserving his life.

The savage lay writhing and bleeding with his teeth clenched, with his eyes glaring in deadly hatred through the long black hair that almost covered his face. But, after a while, the merciful white man saw that his gestures were understood. A sense of relief, even of

joy, overflowed his heart at the prospect of saving the Indian, and of securing a companion in his fearful solitude. The wounded man signed to him to come nearer, and pointed with his left hand to his right hand and arm, which lay twisted under him. Without the slightest suspicion, Mr. Möllhausen knelt over him to place his arm in an easier position. At the same moment, the wretch's right hand flashed out from beneath him, armed with a knife, and struck twice at the unprotected breast of the man who was trying to save him. Mr. Möllhausen parried the blows with his right arm, drew his own knife with his left hand, and inflicted on the vindictive savage the death that he had twice deserved. The rattle sounded in the throat, and the muscles of the naked figure stretched themselves in the last convulsion. The lost traveller was alone again; alone in the frozen wilderness, with the bodies of the two dead men.

The night was at hand—the night came—a night never to be forgotten, never in any mortal language to be described. Down with the gathering darkness came the gathering wolves; and round and round the two corpses in front of the tent they circled and howled. All through that awful night the lost man lay listening to them in the pitch darkness, now cooling his wounded arm with snow, now firing his pistol to scare the wolves from their human prey.

With the first gleam of daylight he rose to rid himself of the horrible companionship of the bodies, and of all that betrayed their fate, before the next wandering Indians came near the spot, and before the wolves gathered again with the darkness. Hunger drove him to begin by taking their provision of dried buffalo-meat from under the dead men's leathern girdles. He then rolled up their remains, with whatever lay about them, in their buffalo robes, tied them round, dragged them, one after the other, to the hole in the ice where he got his water, and pushed them through it, to be carried away by the current of the river.

Even yet, the number of his necessary precautions was not complete. He had a large fire to make, next, on the spot where the two savages had dropped, with the double object of effacing all traces of their fall, and of destroying the faintest scent of blood before the wolves collected again. When the fire had dwindled to a heap of ashes, a new snow-storm smoothed out all marks of it. By the next morning not a sign was left to betray the deaths of the Indians—the smooth ground was as empty and as white as ever—and of all that had happened, on that memorable sixteenth day of the traveller's sojourn in the wilderness, nothing now remained but the terrible recollection of it.

The time wore on from that date, without an event to break the woeful monotony of it, until Christmas came. He was still alive in his solitude on Christmas-day. A stolid apathy towards the future had begun to get possession of him; his sense of the horror of his situation grew numbed and dull; the long solitude and

the ceaseless cold seemed to be slowly freezing his mind, and making a new wilderness there, dreary and empty as the waste that encompassed him. His thoughts wandered with a certain sadness to the Christmas-trees and the children's festivals, at that blessed season, in his native Germany—but he was too far gone for any deep grief, or for any bitter pangs of despair. He kept Christmas-day with the only indulgence he could afford himself, a pipeful of the dry willow leaves; and, as night fell, he lay on his back by the fire, looking up through the hole in his tent at the frosty heavens, and fancying dimly that the kind stars looked down on him, as they had often looked, in bygone days, at home.

The old year ended, and the new year came. His hold on life was slackening—and the end was not far off. It was daylight, early in the month of January. He was resting under his blankets—not asleep, and not awake. Suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps reached him on the still air. It was no dream—a salutation in the Indian language sounded in his ears a moment afterwards. He roused himself, and caught up his rifle. More words were spoken before he could get out of the tent. It was the English language this time. "You are badly off here, friend," said a cheerful voice. Had the white men of the Post and the Mission remembered him at last? No. When the tent covering was raised, an Indian entered, and pushed his five-foot rifle in before him. A savage looking man, with five savage companions. The lost traveller advanced to meet them with his rifle ready. Happily, he was wrong this time. These savage wanderers of the prairie—these charitable heathens, whom the pitiless Christians at the Mission were established to convert—had come to do the good work which his white brethren had, to their eternal disgrace, neglected: they had come to save him.

The man who had spoken in English was a half-breed—a voluntary renegade from civilisation. His companions belonged, like himself, to the friendly tribe of Ottoo Indians. They had gone out with their squaws on a hunting expedition; and they had seen the smoke of the lost traveller's fire two miles off. "You are hungry," they said to him, producing their own food—"eat. You are ready to perish—come with us. You are sick—we will take care of you and clothe you." These were the words of the Red Skins; and the friendly promises they implied were performed to the letter.

On the next day every member of the hunting party, including the women and the boys, assembled at the tent to remove the forsaken white man, and all that belonged to him, to their own camp. The goods, for the preservation of which he had risked his life, were packed up; the waggon, abandoned by his fellow-traveller and himself, at the beginning of their disasters, when their last horse died, was cleared of snow and made fit for use again; and even the tent was

not left behind. It was too firmly frozen to the ground to be pulled up; so it was cut off just above the snow, and was thrown over the rest of the baggage. When the Indians had packed the waggon, their wives and their boys harnessed themselves to it, and dragged it away cheerfully to the camp. Mr. Möllhausen, and the elder warriors followed. The Prussian traveller stopped, before he left the place for ever, to take a last look at the lonely scene of all his sufferings and all his perils. The spot where his tent had stood was still marked in the snowy waste by the ashes of his expiring fire. His eyes rested long on that last-left, touching trace of himself and his hardships—then wandered away to the little hill from which he used to look out on his solitude—to the bank of the river where he had lain in ambush for the Pawnees—to the hole in the ice through which he had thrust their bodies. He shuddered, as well he might, at the dreadful memories which the familiar objects around him called up. A moment more, and he was descending the hill, from the summit of which he had looked back, to follow the trail of his Indian friends—a moment more, and he had left his home in the desert for ever.

In less than five weeks from that time, he and his waggon-load of goods were safe, thanks to the Ottoo Indians, at a fur-trading station on the Missouri river; and he was eating good bread again, and drinking whisky-punch in the society of white men.

The particulars of this fearful narrative of suffering and peril have been abridged from an episode in Mr. Möllhausen's own record of his travelling adventures in North America during a second visit to that part of the world, when he was in the employment of the United States Government. The book (published in London by Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.) is written with great modesty and good sense; and contains some of the most curious revelations of manners and customs among the North American Indians which have yet been offered to the public. The author's experiences among the friendly Ottos who rescued him may be singled out as especially interesting, or, more properly (from the singular nature of his position, at that period of his travels) as something quite unique.

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